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THE
METAMORPHOSES.

A
COMIC OPERA.

IN
TWO ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL,
IN THE
HAY-MARKET.

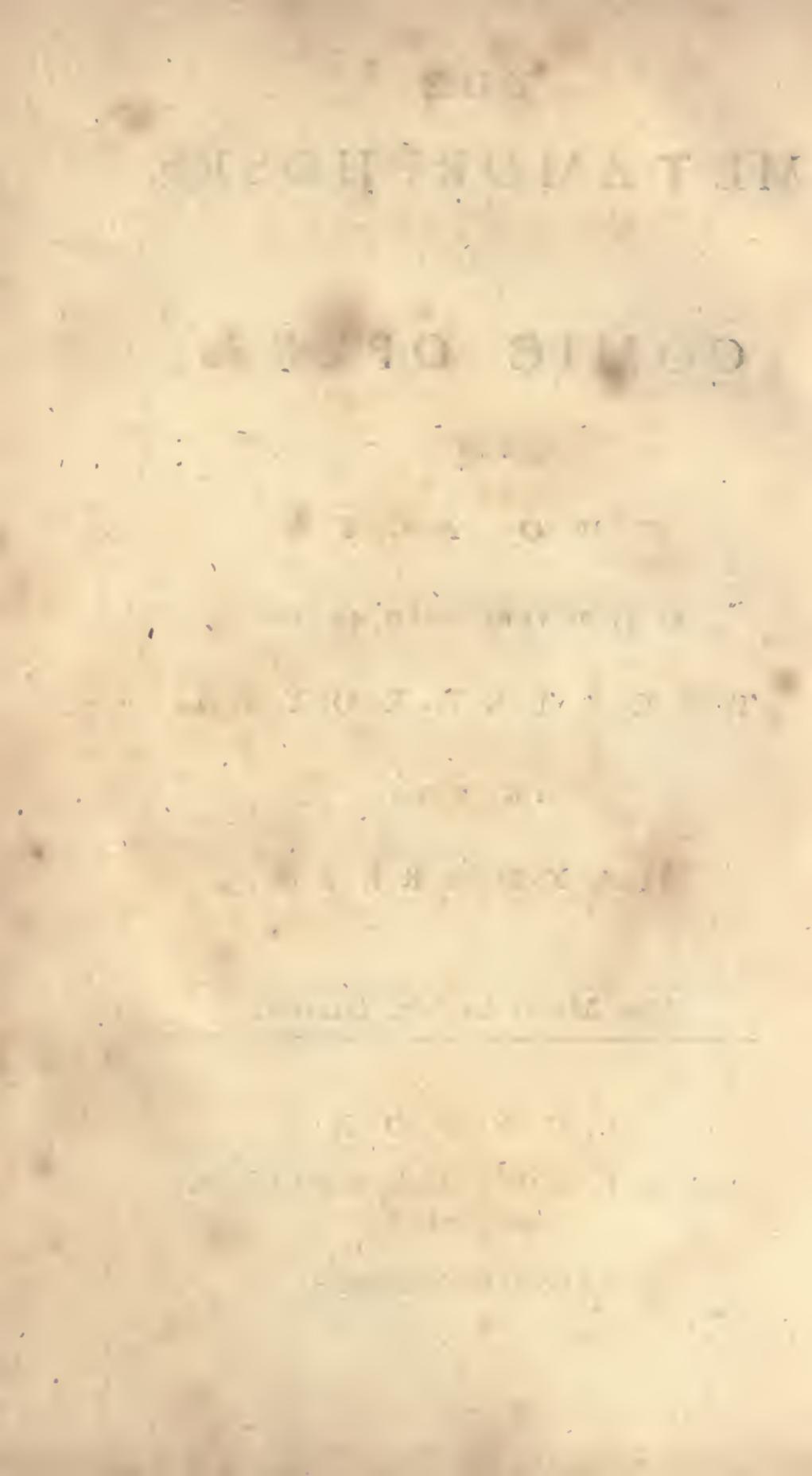
The Music by Mr. DIBDIN.

Charles Dibdin

L O N D O N:

Sold by T. LOWNDES, in Fleet-Street,
MDCCLXXVI.

[Price One Shilling.]



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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

I Have repeatedly assured the Public, that they shall be faithfully acquainted from whence I borrow any Materials to work up my Dramatic Trifles. In the METAMORPHOSES will be found some incidents taken from Moliere's *Sicilien*, particularly the circumstances of Don Pedro's giving away his ward in a mistake, which is here exactly as it is in the French.

THE Servant who from simplicity betrays his Master's secrets will be directly known, for a character in *George Dandin*. In short what is taken from these two Comedies, together with hints from some other Publications make near a third of the Piece.

Thus have I faithfully performed my promise to the Public, whose kind Protection I should very little merit could I deceive them.

C. DIB DIN.

866313

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

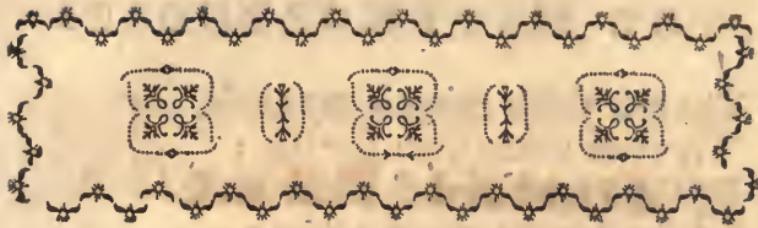
Don Pedro	Mr. WILSON.
Lysander	Mr. BRET.
Fabio	Mr. BANNISTER.
Perez	Mr. WESTON.
Two Friars	

W O M E N.

Marcella	Mrs. JEWEL.
Juletta	Mrs. WESTON.

S C E N E, S E V I L L E.

T H E



T H E
METAMORPHOSES.

A C T I.

SCENE, *the street before Don Pedro's house.*

Lysander, and Fabio dressed like a tinker, comes forward, and Lysander waits at a distance.

A I R.

Fabio.

I AM a tinker by my trade,
Each day I live I mend ;
I'm such an universal friend,
I hide the faults by others made,
Work for the tinker, ho ! good wives ;
'T were well, while I your kettles mend,
If you'd amend your lives.

B

The

2 THE METAMORPHOSES

The best that's going is my trade,
'Tis even better than the law ;
By them are breaches wider made,
I daily stop up many a flaw.

That we shou'd mend, is each man's cry,
A doctrine 'tis that all will teach ;
Then how much better, pray, am I,
Who practise what they only preach ?

Enter Juletta.

Jul. Oh, Fabio, I was glad to hear the sound
of your sweet voice---Ha, ha, ha, what a figure
you cut !

Fab. Oh ! what you are looking at my ap-
pearance ; 'tis whimsical enough, to be sure, for a
man of my consequence. Who would think
now, that I was valet, companion, and confidant
to Lysander ; the most hopeful and wealthy heir
in all Seville ; and lover, servant, and most
humble slave to the accomplish'd Juletta, gentle-
woman, duenna, and adviser of Donna Mar-
cella, the ward of Don Pedro de Castro.

Jul. She is only his ward at present, to be sure ;
but if your master does not make great haste,
they will be man and wife within these two
hours.

Fab. The devil ! this is a sudden start, is it not ?

Jul. Here comes your master.

Enter Lysander.

Fab. Did you hear, Sir, the pretty news that
Mrs. Juletta has brought ; your mistress is going
to marry her old dragon of a guardian.

Lys.

Lys. 'Tis impossible!---She could not consent to such a thing.

Jul. Why, it cost her a great many tears to be sure; but at last, Sir, I seconded his request, and then she complied.

Fab. How! you, Mrs. Minx!

Jul. Yes, I, Mr. Impudence!

Fab. Why, you ungrateful, mischievous---I don't know what to call you---have you a top-knot, a ruff, or a ruffle, that you don't owe to my master's generosity? Has there a letter, or a message, pass'd through your means to Donna Marcella, that has not cost him some new-fangled gew-gaw or other for you, beside my usual perquisite.

Jul. Very well, Sir---go on.

Fab. Nay, because his happiness was dearer to me than my own, have not I, to forward the business, condescended to cast the eyes of affection upon you?

Jul. Intolerable assurance!---'tis I, Jackanapes, 'tis I that am abused.---Did not I see a poor, unfortunate couple, moping in distress? Did not I, for the consideration of a few trifling presents, suffer myself to be prevailed upon to extricate them from it?

Fab. Very well, Ma'am---go on.

Jul. And did not I, because I wou'd not see you expire before my face, take pity on you, and give you my virgin heart, while thousands vainly tried to tear me from you? And what is my reward for all this? Why, truly, when I have persuaded my mistress seemingly to consent to

4 THE METAMORPHOSES.

marry her guardian, in order to get her fortune into her own possession, that she may the easier run away with the man she loves-----

Fab. Hey ! how's this ?

Lys. Seemingly, did you say, Juletta ?

Jul. [Crying.] Yes, I did ; but I don't understand being ill-used when I am trying to serve people all I can. I am sure I never was thought mercenary before ; and any body in the world would be vex'd at being abused and scandalized by a brute of a fellow, who only presumes so because I have been too kind to him.

Fab. Oh ! zounds, now her clack's set a-going, stop it who can----Well, well, don't cry---I forgive you, child.

Jul. Forgive me, varlet ! I can tell you, I shan't easily forgive you.

Fab. Well, well ; but for my master's sake---

Lys. Aye, Juletta, for my sake.

[Giving her a purse.]

Jul. I do assure you 'tis entirely for your sake then [looking at the purse] if I am reconciled, Brute of a fellow !---Here, Sir, is a letter for you ; and if Confidence here, cou'd find a way of getting into the house to bring an answer, I shou'd be glad, because I am so watch'd-----

A I R.

And for you, Sir,
 Tell me true, Sir,
 Are you not a graceless wretch?
 For this abuse now,
 What excuse now
 Can you trump up----what new fetch?

Come, protest now
 'Twas all jest now,
 Let me see some signs of grace;
 How---nay then, Sir,
 Ne'er again, Sir,
 Dare to look me in the face. [Exit.]

Lys. Well, my Proteus, this letter has given me spirits. She says, she'll be in readiness, at a minute's warning, to take the wing, if I can but open the door of her cage.

Fab. Suppose, Sir, I was to try if I cou'd get old Crusty out of the house.

Lys. I don't think it practicable.

Fab. Faith, Sir, I have hopes; I know that he expects news of the arrival of one of his ships.

Lis. Well, and what then?

Fab. Nothing, Sir, only I shall make my next appearance in the character of a sailor, that's all.

Lis. And must I be disguised, good Sir? for you know I march under your command.

Fab. Old Grumble here has never seen you, has he?

Lys.

6 THE METAMORPHOSES.

Lys. I believe not.

Fab. Then there will be no necessity for it yet; but here comes my wife fellow-servant, Perez; let him stay about the house, Sir, while you go with me to receive further instructions. I shall soon return equip'd for my enterprize.

[Exit.]

Lys. I'll follow you.

Enter Perez.

So, Perez! how go on affairs?

Per. Lord, Sir! I have emptied all the shops in town; I have got such a cart-load of vizors, veils, jackets, hats, feathers, doublets, and mustachios! why, Sir, we have disguises enough to stock a Venetian carnival.

Lys. Well, that's all right. Do you watch about Don Pedro's house; and, I charge you, let nothink escape your notice till I return.

Per. I warrant you, Sir.

Lys. Ah, dear Marcella! let but fortune be propitious to us, and my future life shall be devoted to gratitude and thee.

A I R.

I.

Ah, dear Marcella! maid divine,
No more will I at fate repine,
If I this day behold thee mine,
For dearly do I love thee.

Thy

Thy ease shall be my sweet employ,
 My constant care, my every joy,
 May then no chance my hopes destroy,
 For dearly do I love thee.

II.

Sweet is the woodbine to the bee,
 The rising sun to every tree,
 But sweeter far art thou to me,
 For dearly do I love thee.

And let me but behold thee mine,
 No more will I at fate repine,
 But while I live, thou maid divine,
 With rapture will I love thee. [Exit.]

Enter Don Pedro.

[Perez for sometime does not regard him.]

Don P.: Truly I doubt of every thing, there's such a confounded running in and out. Juletta is so impertinent and Marcella so haughty, that I am afraid this consenting to marry me, was only a pretence to get her fortune out of my hands--- Well, a very short time will now put the matter out of dispute, and in the mean while I'll be my own porter, and let every body in and out
 — Hey, who have we hear?

Per. How that man eyes me.

Don P. He looks mighty suspicious, methinks.

Per. He does not know me sure.

Don

3 THE METAMORPHOSES.

Don P. What can he be doing so near my house?

Per. Why he is not watching, sure, to see who goes in and out, is he?

Don P. I'll speak to him.

Per. He comes this way.

Don P. If he is one of their spies, I must go cunningly to work.

Per. Let him be who he will, he shan't get any thing out of me.

Don P. Your servant, friend.

Per. Yours, friend.

Don P. What makes you watching about this house so, eh?

Per. Hush.

Don P. What d'ye mean?

Per. Hold your tongue, I tell you.

Don P. Why must I hold my tongue?

Per. You must not tell a living soul that you saw me watching about this house.

Don P. Oh! I must not.

Per. Not for the world; if it should come to Don Pedro's knowledge, laud a mercy! what a work would there be.

Don P. Oh, ho! I guesf how the matter is: what, you are standing centinel, to watch their motions within?

Per. Why, how the devil shou'd you know that?

Don P. Ah! you see I'm in all your secrets--- I know too, that you want to get an answer to the letter that you deliver'd two days ago to Juletta, for her mistress.

THE METAMORPHOSES. 9

Per. No: there you are out—'twas yesterday morning I deliver'd the letter, and she herself brought my master an answer, not an hour ago.

Don P. So, so! why then Don Pedro is finely imposed upon.

Per. Imposed upon! why what is such an old fool good for, but to be imposed upon: I can tell you, he must look sharp, or we shall run away with this delicate morsel from him, as sure as he thinks himself of it——You don't know him, do you?

Don P. Never saw him in my life.

Per. I wish you did, for I'm sure you'd laugh at him every time you set eyes on him—Well, I'll stay hereabout, and don't you now drop a word of what I have told you.

Don P. Me! No, I enjoy it, I assure you.

Per. I dare say you do; every body must easily suppose how agreeable it is to trick such an old coveteous curmudgeon.

Don P. Oh! you may depend upon it, not a word shall escape me.

Per. That's right; we can't be too cautious; you understand me.

Don P. Oh! perfectly—confound you!

Per. These are not matters to blab to every body—you apprehend me.

Don P. Clearly—an Alguzile apprehend you.

Per. Well now, keep my counsel, and when we meet again, I'll tell you how my master has sped.

Don P. The devil speed him,

C

Per.

10 THE METAMORPHOSES.

Per. Mum now.

[Exit.]

Don P. I warrant you.

A I R.

Some men, I know,
On this would go,
And to the matter put an end;
But hold you there,
Let's argue fair,
The point a little, my good friend,

'Tis this girl's pelf,
And not herself,
About which I make so much stir;
Give me but that,
I answer flat,
Who will, for Pedro, may take her.

[Exit.]

S C E N E, *a room in Don Pedro's house.*

Marcella, Juletta, *discovered.*

A I R.

I.

A choir of bright beauties in spring did appear,
To chuse a May-lady to govern the year;
All the nymphs were in red, and the shepherds in
green,
The garland was given, and Phillis was queen:

THE METAMORPHOSES.

xx

But Phillis refus'd it, and, sighing, did say,
I'll not wear the wreath, for my shepherd's away.

II.

So I, confin'd here with no view of relief,
No companion but Hope, which still mocks at
my grief;

Each step meeting anguish, suspicion and care,
And driven, alas ! to the brink of despair ;
And, worse than all these, from Lysander away.
Ah ! tell me, Juletta, how can I look gay ?

Jul. Ah ! Madam, hang melancholy; an ounce
of contrivance is worth a cart-load of it; for the
first may keep us moaping here 'till we break our
hearts, and the latter will point out to us a way
to break our prison.

Mar. Wou'd it were once effected; for I have
a thousand terrible apprehensions. You may
depend on't my guardian won't let me out of his
sight, if he can help it. And, at last, when we
have form'd a scheme, if it should miscarry, we
should be all undone.

Jul. So we should, indeed, Ma'am; and if
the house was to tumble, ten to one but some of
us would be hurt. Lord, Ma'am ! have a little
more spirit----Is not it your duty to cheat Don
Pedro all you can ? Is not he old, jealous, and
covetous ? Does not he want to make you the
most miserable creature in the world ?

Enter Don Pedro.

As sure as I live, Ma'am, there he is. I say, Ma'am, is not it your duty to oblige Don Pedro all you can? Is not he kind, careful, and tender? And does not he want to make you the happiest woman in the world?

Don P. Here's a baggage for you. I should be very much obliged to you, Ma'am, if you would do me the favour to get down stairs.

Jul. What's the matter, I wonder. [Exit.]

Don P. Well, I have sent away the lawyers; but, methinks, since the deeds were executed, you don't shew so much willingness as you did before.

Mar. 'Tis because you are so unwilling to confide in me: I am not allow'd to take any manner of liberty; and at the very time I yield myself entirely to you, such is your suspicious temper, that I am obliged to keep a guard upon all my words and actions.

Don P. My dear Marcella, 'tis because my love is so very delicate I take offence at even a smile, or a glance, that any person forces from you; and the care you see me take, is for nothing else but to debar all access of galants, and secure to myself the possession of a heart, the least thing relative to which I can't bear to think any body should rob me of.

Mar. In good truth you take a very wrong method, and the possession of a heart is very ill secured, when people think to keep it up by force. For my part, was I gallant to a lady in the power of another, I shou'd bend all my

study

study to make him jealous. For the way to forward such affairs, is to take every advantage of the uneasiness and resentments which constraint and servitude create in the mind of a woman.

Don P. Very fine! so, according to this, if any should make love to you, he would find you disposed to receive his addresses.

Mar. There's no knowing what a woman may be driven to in such a situation.

Don P. But I tell you, it all proceeds from my love for you.

Mar. If that be your way of loving, I desire you to hate me.

A I R.

I.

What state of life can be so blest
As love that warms a lover's breast;
Two souls in one the same desire,
To grant the bliss, and to require?
But if in heav'n a hell we find,
'Tis all from thee, Oh! jealousy,
Thou tyrant of the mind.

II.

False in thy glass all objects are,
Some set too near, and some too far;
Thou art the fire of endless night,
The fire that burns, and gives no light.

All

All torments, ev'ry ill, we find
 In only thee, Oh! jealousy,
 Thou tyrant of the mind.

Don P. What! and you give me no provocation; I warrant, to be jealous.

Mar. No, Sir, I don't.

Don P. I know you don't—you don't receive letters, and send answers to them by your emissary, Mrs. Jezebel there, who went out just now—you don't encourage a fellow to come after you; and you have not consented to run away from me, and chouse me out of your fortune?

Mar. How could he have heard this? [*Aside.*

Enter Juletta.

Jul. Sir, there's a sailor below wants to speak to you; he has brought you some news about one of your ships.

Don. P. Let him come up----and heark'e—are you sure he is a sailor?---are you sure he has not given you a letter to deliver to your mistress? ---and are you sure you don't want to get me out of the way while she writes an answer?

Jul. Sir, I despise such suspicions, and I am not, like my lady, obliged to put up with them, I thank my stars. [*Goes off.*

Don P. There! you see what you expose me to.

Mar. Rather say, that I see to what you expose yourself.

Enter

Enter Fabio, disguised as a sailor.

Fab. Good cheer to the noble owner of the Antler galleon, she is arrived safe with all her hands.

Don P. I am glad to hear it, had you a pleasant voyage.

Fab. If the young gentlewoman pleases I'll tell you.—You must know that just as we made the land upon our starboard-bow—I was standing upon the forecastle singing a song made by one of our crew upon me and my sweet-heart—if the young gentlewoman pleases I'll sing it to you.

A I R.

I.

The busy crew the sails unbending,
The ship in harbour safe arriv'd,
Jack Oakum all his perils ending,
Had made the port where Kitty liv'd.

II.

His rigging no one durst attack it,
Tight fore and aft, above, below,
Long quarter'd shoes, check shirt, blue jacket,
And trowsers like the driv'n snow.

And

III.

And thus his heart with pleasure stowing,
 He flew like lightning o'er the tide ;
 And scarce had been, the boat's length, rowing
 When lovely Kitty he espied.

IV.

A flowing penant gayly flutter'd,
 From her hat, all made of straw,
 Red, like her cheeks, when first she utter'd,
 " Sure 'twas my sailor that I saw."

V.

And now the thronging crew surround her,
 And now secure from all alarms,
 Swift as a ball from a nine pounder,
 They dart into each others arms.

Don P. Adod, you sailors are merry folks ;
 but I have a little business at present, so if you'll
 let me know where I can find your captain, I'll
 see him in the afternoon.

Fab. Why, if so be it was all one to you, I'd
 steer you to him now, for when he gave me the
 signal to hail you, he said as how he wanted
 marvelously to haul along-side of you.

Don P. Well but I tell you I can't go now.

Fab. Then I'll give you instructions what
 course you shall stand, if the young gentlewoman
 pleases to hold these papers, I have got the name

of

of the port somewhere here upon the back of a letter from poor Kitty: here, young gentlewoman.

Don P. Not quite so familiar with the young gentlewoman, if you please.

Fab. 'Tis the way of us seamen, we are always, as the saying is, in chace of a ship or a petticoat. Here, young gentlewoman, you may read this if you please, 'twill make you laugh, you'll find how that Kitty—

Don P. Zounds, we have nothing at all to do with Kitty—hey—this is a pander—Shut the door there—give me that letter, Madam.

Mar. What letter, Sir? [Giving it to Fabio.]

Fab. Why, old gentleman, you have unship'd your sences.

Don P. Give me that letter, rascal.

Fab. What, shew you my letter from Kitty!

Don P. The devil Kitty you—fetch me a horse-whip.

Mar. For Heaven's sake what are you going to do?

Enter Lysander and Julietta.

Don P. How now! who have we here?

Lys. I beg your pardon, but hearing a violent uproar in your house, I thought some assistance might be necessary.

Don P. Sir, I am much obliged to you, but 'tis only a rascal I have detected, disguised like a sailor.

Jul. [To Fabio.] Pretend to be mad.

Lys. Where is he, Sir?

Don P. This is the villain.

Lys. That, Sir—Lord Sir, that's a poor distracted fellow, that I have the care of; I keep a house for the reception of lunatics, and this wretch, by some means, got out of his cell yesterday, since when I have in vain been seeking for him. He was a sailor once, so nothing else now runs in his head—his name is Cozenado Pedronado, Sir.

Fab. Who's that calls me?—Did you see my Kitty?—there she is, climbing up the main top gallant mast.

Lys. At the sight of me, his interval is gone off, Sir, and I dare say we shall have work enough to force him away.

A I R.

Fab. Hark, don't you hear the roaring main,
The howling winds driving the rain,
From every point of the compass blow;
We fly to meet the thunder.
And now again,
Our leaky vessel dashing low,
Pitches forecastle under.

Lys. Force him away.

Mar. } — Poor soul, poor soul,
Jul. }

Fab. See on the billows how we rowl.

Don P. I'll rowl you dogbolt.

Fab. — Clear the ship.

Don P. Clear you the room—Here, where's my whip?

Jul.

Jul. The poor man's posses'd.
Mar. How I'm distress'd.
Lys. 'Twill be nothing, Ma'am, when his
 fit's over.
Fab. They are boarding us now,
 See they stand on the bow.
Lys. When he gets in the street he'll recover.
Fab. But, I'll put them to flight—
 My cutlas so bright.
Don P. Get out of my sight.
Jul. He's mad, don't you see?
Don P. He's no more mad than me:
 Nay I'm maddest, I think, of the two.
Lys. Believe me, my charmer, I'm true.
 [*To Marcella.*
 Let your heart be my pleader.
Fab. I've feiz'd the ringleader.
 [*Taking Pedro by the collar.*
Don P. If two minutes longer you stay,
 To an alguzil, Sir.
 I'll instant appeal, Sir,
 Who quickly shall force you away.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, *the street before Don Pedro's house,*
Lysander and Fabio disguised as ballad-singers
with Mandolines.

Enter Fabio.

Fab. THE next song in the book is the cruel
 guardian, or the fortunate runaway ;
 the next song in the book is Philomelo's soft
 notes ; the next song in the book is Come all you
 Swains and hear my lay ; the next song in the
 book is the cobler or a wife of ten thousand,
 Listen, neighbours, this is one of the curiouſteſt
 ditties.

A I R.

I.

'Twas in a village, near Castlebury,
 A cobler and his wife did dwell ;
 And for a time no two so merry,
 Their happiness no tongue can tell :
 But to this couple the neighbours tell us,
 Something did happen that caus'd much strife,
 For going to a neighbouring alehouse,
 The man got drunk and beat his wife.

II.

But though he treated her so vilely,
 What did this wife, good creature, do ;
 Kept snug, and found a method slyly,
 To wring his heart quite through and
 through ;

For

For Dick the tapster, and his master,
By the report that then was rife,
Were both in hopes by this disaster,
To gain the cobler's pretty wife.

III.

While things went on to rack and ruin,
And all their furniture was sold,
She seem'd t' approve what each was doing,
And got from each a purse of gold;
So when the cobler's cares were over,
He swore to lead an alter'd life,
To mind his work, ne'er be a rover,
And love no other but his wife,

Don Pedro and Marcella above at a window.

Fab. Faith, Sir, the noise has brought her to
the window.

Lys. Dear Marcella, how shall I express to you
my gratitude, for that anxiety you have endured
on my account, but take courage and a little time
will relieve you from all your apprehensions ;
we have plan'd a scheme that cannot fail of suc-
cess.

Mar. You must be very cautious, I assure
you, for all that passes, by some means or other,
comes to my guardian's knowledge—Good
heaven, he's behind me—Indeed, good man, I
have nothing for you, and I assure you your si-
tuation is not more distressing than mine.

Don P. Talking to ballad singers out of the
window ; and, I suppose, they are as much bal-
lad

lad singers, as that Jackanapes was a sailor—Go along, hang dogs, or I'll make you sing in a cage, I will,

Fab. Nay, good your honour, we'll present you with the jealous Spaniard outwitted.

Don P. Come in, you sha'n't hear it.

Mar. Nay, pray let me listen to the song, there can be no harm in that.

Fab. 'Tis a dialogue between the lover and his mistress. My poor wife that is dead, wou'd have given you the woman's part to a nicety; however, you shall have it as near her manner as possible. Come, Guzman, strike up.

Ped. What you won't begone—I'll come down and see what authority my cane has with you—Get you in. [To Marcella.]

Fab. He's coming, Sir; let us decamp.

Lys. Now for one bold effort, Fabio, and we shall be masters of the town.

Fab. Never doubt the victory, while I am general,

A I R.

I.

Befriend me, ev'ry tender power,
A lover's hopes befriend;
Be this the bright auspicious hour,
When all my cares shall end;
When dread suspicion's far away,
So sweetly I'll beguile,
In rapture ev'ry passing day,
To see Marcella smile.

II. The

II.

The heaviest chains are easy borne,
The culprit, once repriv'd;
And tho' I'm from my fair-one torne
My bosom is reliev'd;
For dread suspicion's far away,
I, sweetly shall beguile,
In rapture ev'ry passing day,
To see Marcella smile.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Don Pedro.

Don P. A pack of rascals---if I catch you,
I'll mar your music. [*Coming on.*] How! gone.

Enter Perez.

Perez. [*Looking about.*] I thought to have
my master and Fabio here.

Don P. Oh! yonder's my communicative
friend---I'll try if I can't come at some more of
their secrets.

Perez. Oh, you're there, Mr. Tittle Tattle,
are you, to whom I gave such charge not to
speak a word?---you must go and tell every
body, must you?

Don P. I!

Perez. Yes, you! you told old Pedro every
word I entrusted you with, and he has made such
a clutter about it---

Don P. I do assure you---

Perez. No, no, I won't hear a word---You'll
never

never get any thing from me again, I promise you.

Don. P. But, friend—

Perez. I tell you, I'll have nothing to say to you---if you had not betray'd me, I wou'd have told you what was doing now.

Don P. Why, is there any thing doing now?

Perez. Not that you will be the better for, I can tell you that.

Don P. I'm afraid not, faith! ---but, pr'ythee now—

Perez. Ay, you see what you get by tattling; you shall hear no more; good bye, I'll leave you with your mouth watering.

Don P. Nay, but stay a little.

Perez. What you want to pump something else out of me, do you?

Don P. No, I have no curiosiey at all.

Perez. Ah, you may spell, but it will be all to no purpose---I'm a faithful servant, and who ever says to the contrary, tells stories---Perhaps, you may expect to hear from me, that my master and fellow servant were singing ballads under the old fellow's window---but it will be long enough before I shall be such a fool.

Don P. Oh, dare say!

Perez. Or, may be you expect that I have so little prudence, as to tell you, that they are going to disguise themselves like two friars---but you won't get a word out of little Perez.

D. P. That's easily seen.

Perez. No, no, I'm not such an ass that comes to.

Don

Don P. Nay, now—

Perez. Not a syllable; I don't want you to make any more mischief.

[Exit.]

Don P. Now, pray...

Enter Juletta.

Jul. Why, what the deuce can Perez have been doing here with my master?

Don P. Two friars! ---the devil! Could they find no other disguise?

Jul. So! so!

Don P. Well, my black gentlemen, it shall go hard but I will be too cunning for you.

Jul. Yes, yes, he has discover'd us.

Don P. I shall never bear the sight of a friar's gown again as long as I live---Zounds! here they are. [Goes in suddenly, and shuts the door.]

Enter two Friars.

1st Fri. Brother, to say the truth, though St. Dominick's vineyard is a pretty fruitful soil, yet the Benedictines, in general, reap the best harvest.

2d Fri. Hush! we are interrupted.

Jul. Dear gentlemen, you come this way very opportunely; I was coming to your convent, by my master Don Pedro's orders, to inform you, that he has a design of placing his ward in a religious retirement, and wanted to receive the advice of some holy person, what abbess he should apply to. I was coming for father Bernardo, but I dare say you will do as well.

E

1st Friar.

1st Fri. Is the damsel comely?

Jul. She is thought to be the greatest beauty in all Seville.

1st Fri. He may command us.

Jul. That's the door---Now, to let Lysander know a blunder that fool, Perez, has made

1st Fri. [Knocking hard at the door.] Peace be unto this house.

Don P. [Within.] I won't let you in.

2d Fri. How's this, what can he mean?

Don P. You are wolves in sheep's cloathing.

2d Fri. The man is surely posses'd—

Don P. Get about your business, or I'll send you packing with a vengeance.

1st Fri. We are play'd some trick here—Don Pedro, we are friends, and are come at your own desire, to consult you about placing your ward in a nunnery.

Don P. You are no friends, but a couple of villains in black, who, together with the old gentleman in black, want to cheat me, and defraud me of my ward.

1st Fri. Don Pedro, you flander us, and you may expect the heaviest vengeance of the church for this injury.

Don P. I defy you.

2d Fri. You shall be anathemetiz'd.

1st Fri. Excommunicated.

Don P. You shall be cudgelled.

1st Fri. The old fool! to serve us such a trick.

2d Fri. Let us begone.

1st Fri. With all my heart. [Speaking as he goes off.] I say, that though the Dominicans, what with flattery

flattery to strangers, confessional opportunities, and imposing upon biggots, gather together a pretty handsome portion of the good things of this world, yet the Benedictines— [Exeunt.

Enter Don Pedro.

Don P. I fancy, they are gone—Yes, yonder, they march along——what a fine story they trump'd up, about placing Marcella in a convent.—Who have we here?

*Enter Fabio, in a rich Spanish dress,
and Lysander.*

Fab. Sir, your servant; I don't believe I have the honour to be known to you; but understanding your reputation for courage, and hearing you are generally engaged in an affair of honour about once a week—

Don P. Me, Sir! I assure you, whoever told you so deceiv'd you—there is not a more peaceable man living—

Fab. Ah, Sir! that is your modesty, there is not a truer sign of courage in the world; you'll find I have a great deal of it myself.—My name is Don Valasquez D'Avolos; the history of Spain must have inform'd you of my consequence.

Don P. It has, Sir.—The devil fetch me if ever I heard of you before.

Fab. Well, Sir, I came to ask your advice upon a point of honour—This way, if you please, that nobody may hear us. [While Fabio draws off

off Don Pedro, Lysander slips into the house.]
 You must know, Sir, that I have receiv'd a flap on the face; I suppose, Sir, you know what a flap on the face is, when it is given with an open hand in the middle of the cheek——Now, Sir, this flap o'the face sticks mightily in my stomach, and I am in doubt whether to revenge the affront, I ought to fight my man or have him assasinated.

Don P. Assassination is the surest and shortest way.

Fab. Well but, Sir.

Don P. Sir, you have my opinion, and I kiss your hands.

Fab. One word, Sir.

Don P. I'm in a great hurry, Sir, and—

Fab. Well, Sir; your humble servant; I am infinitely obliged to you, and when you receive a flap o'the face I shall as freely give my advice---I hope master has made good use of his time.

[Exit.

Don P. Another pander! zounds! I shall surely tire them out at last—what a legion of plagues have I to encounter with—

A I R.

A I R.

Great Hercules, we've heard, was a slave to
 Omphale,
 And all sorts of hardships submitted to daily ;
 Still advent'ring, in hopes to have her for his pains,
 What giants, and monsters, and snakes did he
 slay ;
 What stables clean out, and what birds drive
 away,
 Even lions, that fool hardy, at him shook their
 manes.
 With his club,
 Wou'd he drub,
 'Till he dash'd out their brains.

So having an Omphale too, Sir,
 Like him I have nothing to do, Sir,
 But to ward off some evil design :
 Nay—what with sailors, and madmen, and sing-
 ers, and friars,
 And Jezebel jades, bragadocios and liars,
 To neither side lean,
 And 'twill quickly be seen,
 That his labours were nothing to mine. [Exit.

Enter Lysander and Marcella.

Lys. Yes, beautiful Marcella, I love you more
 than life, and I have no other thoughts, no other
 end, no other desire, but to be yours for ever.
 Have you then courage enough to consent to the
 design I mentioned to you ?

Mar.

Mar. When love persuades, how easily is one prevail'd upon to form a resolution.

Lys. Do you consent then?

Mar. Provided you promise, that my hasty determination shall not alter your good opinion of me.

Lys. No : there is nothing can efface from my mind, that gratitude with which it is inspired. Love will ever protect its votaries, when they feel a pure and sincere passion like ours ; and one smile from you, arms me against a thousand dangers.

A I R.

Ah, droop no more,
The thunder's roar,
That sounded deep and loud,
Thank Heaven, at last
Is gone and past
With every threatening cloud.

Calm is the air,
The morning's fair,
The sun begins to shine ;
A smiling day,
Now seems to say,
Marcella shall be mine.

Enter Don Pedro.

Mar. Good Heav'n ! here is my guardian.

Don P. What the devil's here ! another of them ?

Lys.

Lys. Don't seem to regard him; but speak to me of what I told you.

Mar. Upon my word, Sir, she's not in this house.

Lys. Madam, I shou'd not have been guilty of such an indecorum, as to press in here so abruptly, if I had not had the evidence of my own senses in my vindication.

Mar. Well, Sir, I do assure you, the person you seek for is not here, and I cannot any longer refrain from telling you, that your presence gives me great uneasiness—for if my guardian was to see you, I don't know what the consequence might be.

Don P. Is all of this real, I wonder, or only hatch'd up—there can be no harm at least in sending him out of the house.—Who are you, and what's your business here?

Lys. Sir, I came to search for my wife, who has escaped from my just indignation, and fled into your house for shelter.

Don. P. I do assure you, Sir, if I could prevail upon myself to credit you, I don't know anything I should sooner do than assist you; but as I have a way of disbelieving what most people tell me, and you among the rest, I shou'd take it as a favour if you would suffer me to conduct you to the street-door.

Lys. Sir, this is very cavalier treatment; but since that lady has assured me that my wife is not in your house, I shall take my leave—Nay, Sir, you need not give yourself the trouble to see me down.

[*Exit.*
Don]

Don P. Well, upon second thoughts, I'll stay where I am—Within there—somebody shew the gentleman out.—Well, Madam, what do you say to all this?—I suppose I have no reason yet to be jealous—the sailors, the ballad-singers, the friars, the gentleman of honour, and above all, this smooth-spoken Sir, are none of them objects of jealousy!—but, however, in ten minutes I expect the priest, and then I shall have a privilege, if persuasion won't do it, to keep you from rebellion, by confinement.

Mar. You give me a good sample of what kind of life you expect me to lead—but, Sir, I despise your suspicions, and if it was not that I have given my word, nothing should compel me to marry you.

Enter Juletta, disguised and veiled.

Jul. Oh! good Sir, save me from a furious husband, who pursues me; his jealousy is incredible, and works him up to an excess beyond imagination; he goes so far, as to insist upon my always going veil'd, and because he caught me with my face a little uncover'd, he snatch'd up his sword, and would have kill'd me, Sir, if I had not flown to your house for protection.

Don P. There was something then in this last affair, I see.

Jul. Oh, Heaven's! here he comes: save me, good Sir, from his fury.

THE METAMORPHOSES. 33

Don P. Take her to you bed-chamber, Marcella—fear nothing, Madam.

[*Exeunt Marcella and Juletta.*]

Enter Lysander.

Lys. So, Sir, I had cause for what I said ; deliver her up to my just resentment this instant, or meet it yourself.

Don P. Good Sir, be a little patient, the offence is too small for such violent anger.

Lys. How, Sir ! do you take her part ? You, who are so delicate upon these sort of things.

Don P. No, Sir, I don't take her part ; but if you could be friends with her it would be a charity, for the poor creature seems frightened out of her senses.

Lys. Don Pedro, will it oblige you if I forgive her ?

Don P. Truly it will ; for I love to see peace and harmony between married people.

Lys. 'Tis enough : I'll lay by my anger and my fword together.

Don P. I'll bring her to you.

Lys. This is the bright moment that rewards me for all my pains and anxiety. [*Afside.*]

Enter Marcella.

Don P. You may appear, I have made your peace.----Here she comes----You'll promise me now not to relapse.

Lys. I do, Sir.

[*Marcella here comes on with Juletta's veil.*]

F

Don

Don P. Poor soul, how she trembles ! You really, Sir, should not put yourself in these violent passions. You have nothing to apprehend, Madam ; your husband is entirely pacified. Come, Sir, since you are so kind to abandon your resentment at my request, allow me to join your hands, and to conjure you both, at my desire, to live in perfect union for the future.

Lys. Sir, there's no refusing, and I promise you, since you desire it, I'll endeavour to make her the best husband in the world.

Don P. Sir, you give me pleasure to hear you say so..

Lys. Nay, no ceremony, Sir.

Don P. Pray give me leave to see you out.----For I half suspect that this is a trick. [Aside.]

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *the street, Don Pedro seeing Lyfan-
der and Marcella out.*

Don P. I do assure you, Sir, you have no obligation to me.----I wish you a good day.

Lys. Sir, I can't express how happy you've made me.----Come, my love, I promise you that all our strife shall end from this moment.

[*They go off.*]

Don P. Really one receives a pleasure in doing a friendly office for any one----How loving they seem----Well, I'll go and secure Marcella's obedience.----Hey ! what's the meaning of this ?

Enter Juletta disguised, and without her veil.

Jul. Why, Sir, the meaning is, that a jealous

man's a monster hated by the whole world ; that all the locks and bolts in the universe are not capable of holding us ; that the heart should be secured by gentleness and complaisance ; that Marcella is in the hands of a gentleman ; and that you are caught for a dupe.

Don P. If there's justice to be had in Spain I'll be reveng'd——she shan't have a shilling of her fortune——they shall sue me for it, however ; and then, if I am obliged to part with it, I'll hang myself, that I mayn't have the mortification of seeing them enjoy it.——Zounds ! I'll hang myself at any rate——I'll have them all assassinated----I'll----I don't know what I'll do. [Exit.]

Enter Lysander, Fabio, and Marcella.

Fab. Let him go to law, Sir, and us to dinner.

Lysf. So we will, Fabio, where thou shalt be king ; for 'tis to thy wit I owe my dear Marcella.

Jul. And mine, Sir.

Lysf. True, Juletta ; and thou shalt not be forgotten.

Mar. And for me——

A I R.

I've cheated an old man to-day,
And put him in a fury ;
And for this crime, I think they say,
I'm now before a jury.

But

36 THE METAMORPHOSES.

But I've a witness, I'll be bound,
Will clear me, if admitted ;
'Tis love——pray am I guilty found ;
Or shall I be acquitted ?

F I N I S.





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